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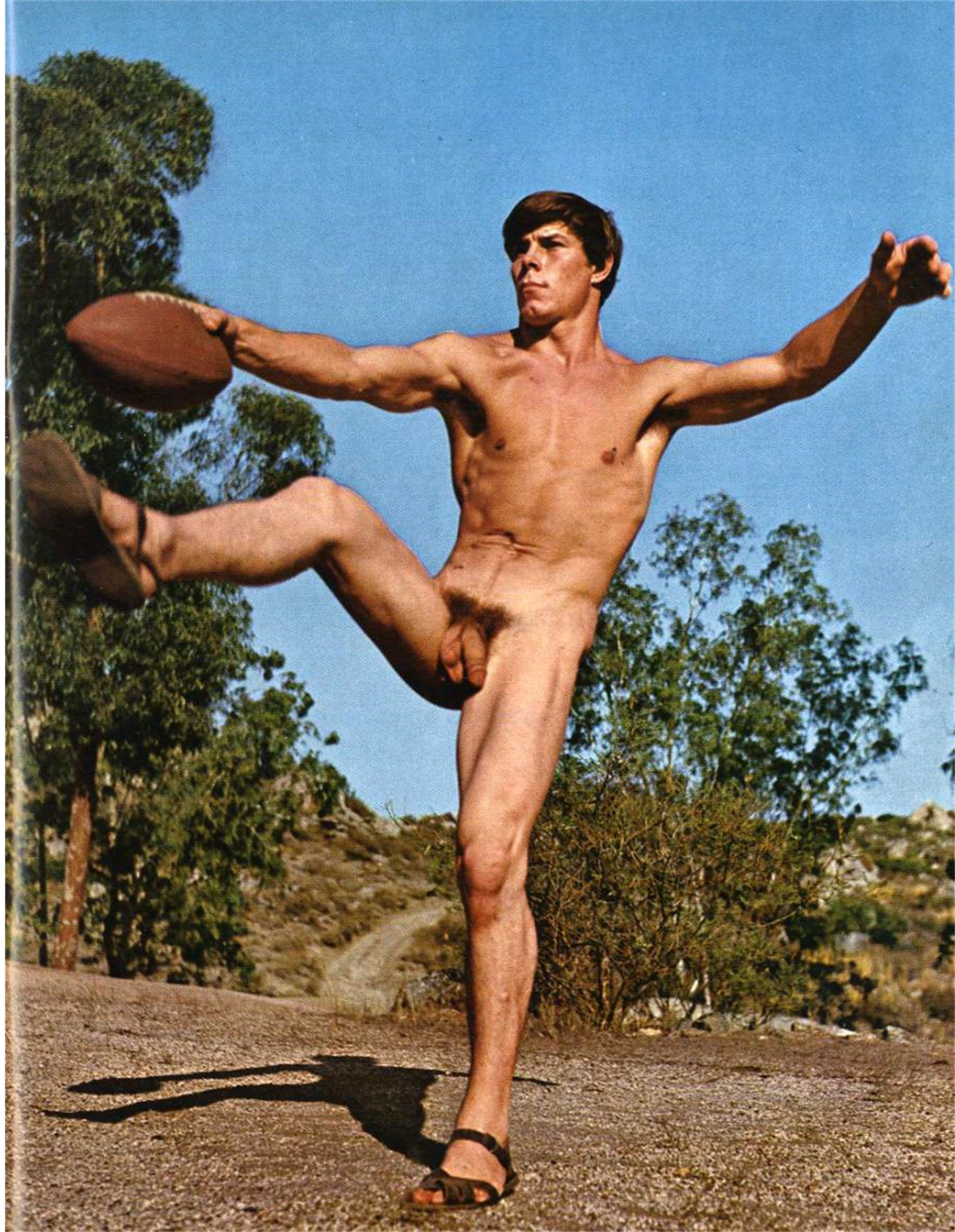

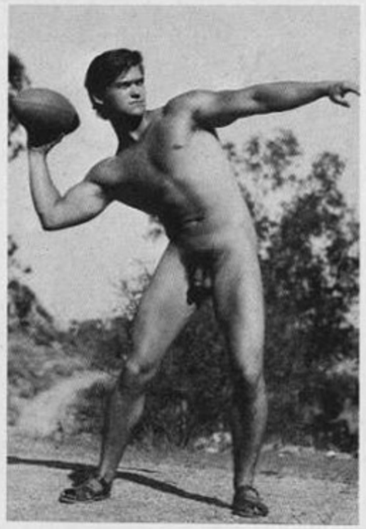

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editorial

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PENNY NICKOL ROBERT ROUALT

MR. SUN, the reader will find as he studies the pages of this issue, is not for everyone. MR. SUN is a special publication for a very special breed of men—the Bold Ones.

Not since the Golden Age of Greece has this unique group enjoyed the freedom to march to the tune of the trumpets only they can hear.

These men have shaken off the paranoid repressions of the past and standing close together in the Golden Sun have created a new awareness, a new fulfillment.

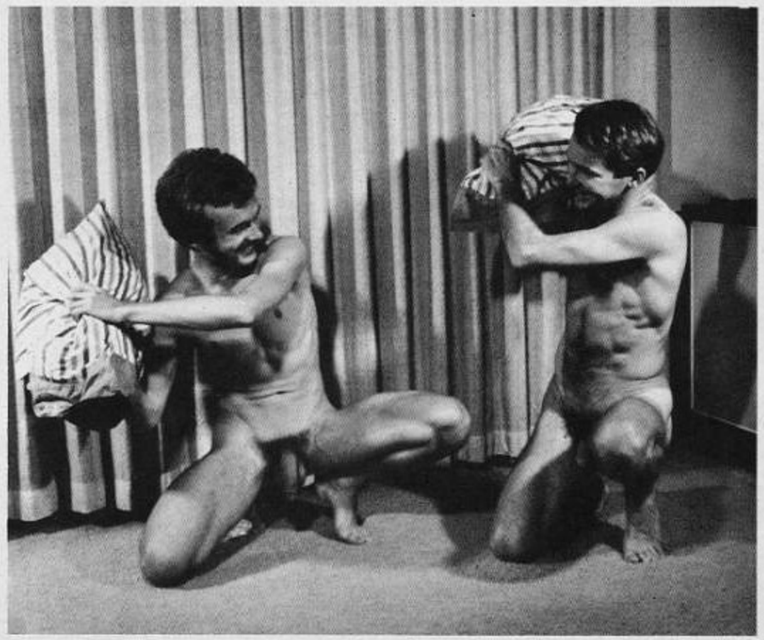
These are not common men beaten down by the fears of the past. Boldly they rush into the future.

"Up tight and out of sight" is an alien expression. These men are loose and cool and the only thing "out of sight" is the Victorian past.

These men are, however, far from alone. Daily, others are hearing for the first time that distant trumpet and are coming to the new awareness, the new freedom that is so well known to the Bold Ones.

With the influx of these new uncommon men the Bold Ones are finding new meanings to their way of life, new friendships, new truths.

Join this new Bold Breed on the pages of MR. SUN.



TOUCH AND GO

BY AL AMES

When a bunch of fellows get together in the increasingly popular male nudist camps the emphasis quickly turns to fun. The young men feel that first rush of freedom that comes with nudity under the sun's rays and . . . it's only natural . . . they want to express their emotions with the same lack of inhibition that their bodies experience.

It happens every time a newcomer first takes off his clothes and steps into a male nudist camp. He feels such a sense of **release** that he's content to merely frolic around at first, jumping into the air to let his body get the full benefit of the sun.

The first thing on the agenda is a ritual tour of the nudist camp. The first timer climbs on the wheelbarrow and is ceremoniously trundled around the secluded area to put him at ease regarding any doubts he might have about prying eyes from the outside world. Those eyes are many miles away and, by the end of his tour, he is more relaxed and ready to join in whatever game has been planned for that morning. A brisk workout on the exercise board while he's introduced to his new friends and he's never felt better. He's ready to go.

Touch football it is! But wait. How to choose sides? The stronger, faster fellows shoud not all be on the same side, so how about a scrimmage to test the mettle of the newcomer? He's all for the idea and the rousing push and pull of the test scrimmage gives him his first taste of the close companionship of vigorous men in the healthy surroundings of the great outdoors.

Sides are chosen. But this is a nudist camp located in the most primitive, remote surroundings, not a football field set up in the heart of a big city. Some ground must be levelled and everyone — even the quarterbacks—pitch in and haul on the chains that drag an improvised grader over the rough, uneven soil. This is not work, it's fun; almost as much as the game to follow.

Naturally some fellows have a better throwing arm than others and they pick favorite pass receivers and blockers, just as in regular football. But everyone good-naturedly plays his best and if the "touch" occasionally becomes a hard slap and a pile-up results — no one minds. A tangle of arms and legs flashing in the sun soon straightens itself out and the winning quarterback is helped to his feet. Or lifted off his feet! Dumping the winning coxswain of a college rowing race in the water is an American tradition and the nudists have their own version.

A double line is formed and the teammates pass the winner down between them, handing him along from one to the other by firmly grasping his arms and legs until he ends up with a solid bump on the ground. And what would football victory be without the winners tearing up the goalposts? Well, our nudist players improvise with a roadway signpost that they have taken down to insure their privacy.

A triumphant march around the camp, a refreshing shower to wash the game's dust off their bodies and our nudist friends relax and dry off in the setting sun as they look forward to another day of invigorating companionship in their secluded hideaway far from the dual restraints of clothing and worldly cares.

NAKED MALE HAVEN ABOUT TO OPEN!

MR. SUN CAMP

A REALITY

DEAR FRIEND:

After much delay and one false start, the MR. SUN CAMP has overcome legal difficulties and Wyngate & Bevins is proud to announce the Grand Opening of the camp on August 12, 1969. Located half-way between San Diego and Los Angeles on the slopes of the magnificent San Jacinto mountains, the camp is a Male Nude Sun Worshiper's dream. It boasts an ideal climate with a breath-taking 360 days of body-warming sunshine each year! For those who long to "drop out" of the rat race and are eager to savor the comany of fellow Male Nudes, MR. SUN CAMP offers unmatched privacy and freedom in one of nature's most beautiful settings.

The following facilities await your pleasure: Large play and swimming pool, miles of secluded hiking and horseback riding trails over spring-fed streams and unmatched scenery of mountain and timber. Also game courts, a bar, bath and cooking facilities, tents and game courts. Most so-called nudist camps limit membership to married couples. The MR. SUN CAMP has only two requirements — you must be a Male Nudist and you must be 21 years of age or older.

For the Male Nudist ONLY, a paradise on earth!

Chas. P. Wyngate

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NOTE: Unavoidable delay and legal ramifications force slight increase in price schedule for the camp.

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DAILY RATE: $5.00 OVERNIGHT: $10.00

WEEKLY RATE: Seven days: $25.00; Seven days and Overnights: $55.00

Tents and Sleeping Bags readily available. Ample free parking.

For those choosing not to stay overnight, nearby hotels and motels have ample facilities.

Food and refreshments available at the camp.

Many athletic facilities and equipment available, including horses for the bridle paths.

INCLUDE your **arrival date** at the camp when mailing your reservation. ALL RESERVATIONS MUST BE CONFIRMED by MR. SUN CAMP. Easily followed directions to the camp will be sent with confirmation.

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Please make reservations for _____ (number of persons) at MR. SUN CAMP.

I want my reservations to start on _____ (date of arrival at camp) and continue through _____ (date of departure). I desire _____ DAILY, _____ OVERNIGHT _____ WEEKLY (DAY). _____ WEEKLY (OVERNIGHT) accommodations. I enclose $_____ CASH _____ CHECK _____ M.O. I am over 21 and seriously interested in the philosophy of nudism.

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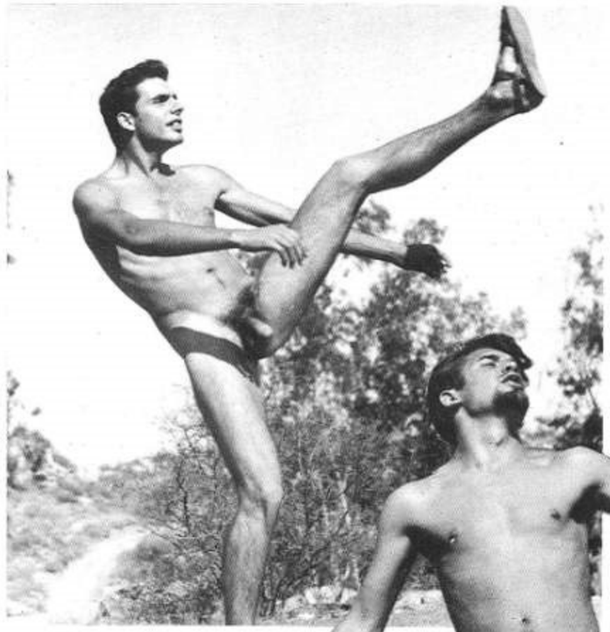
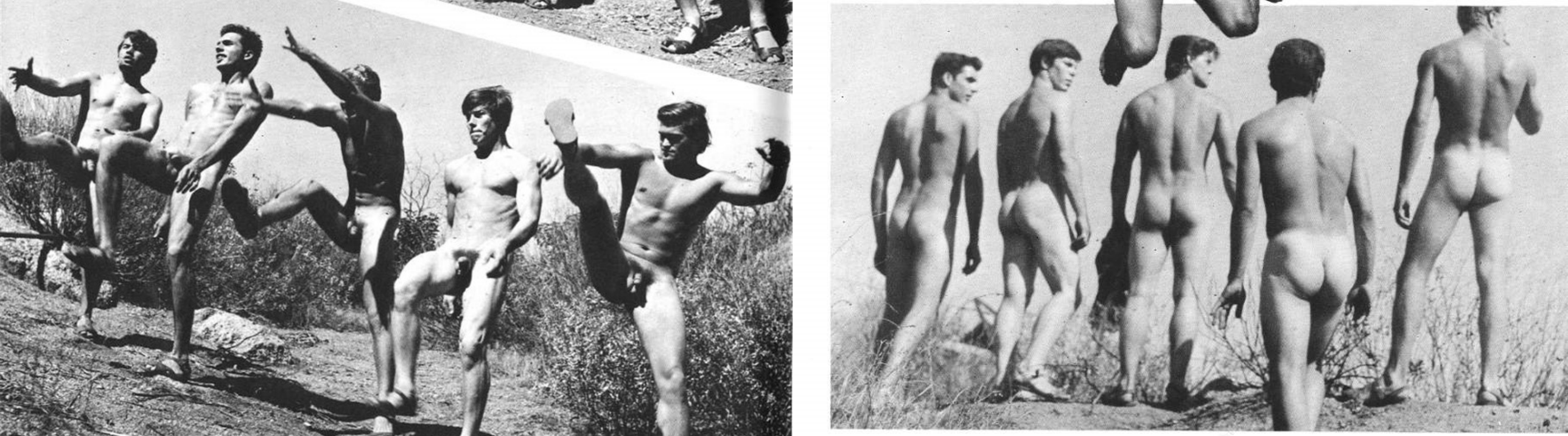
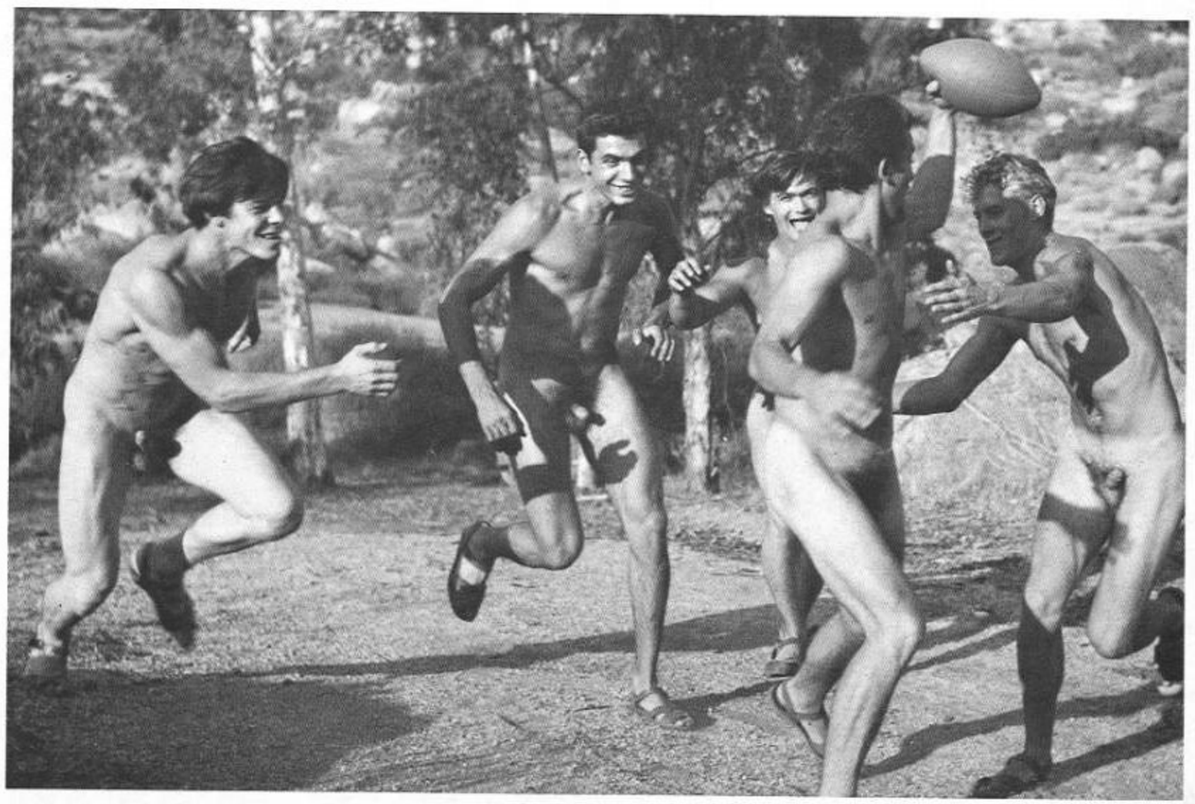
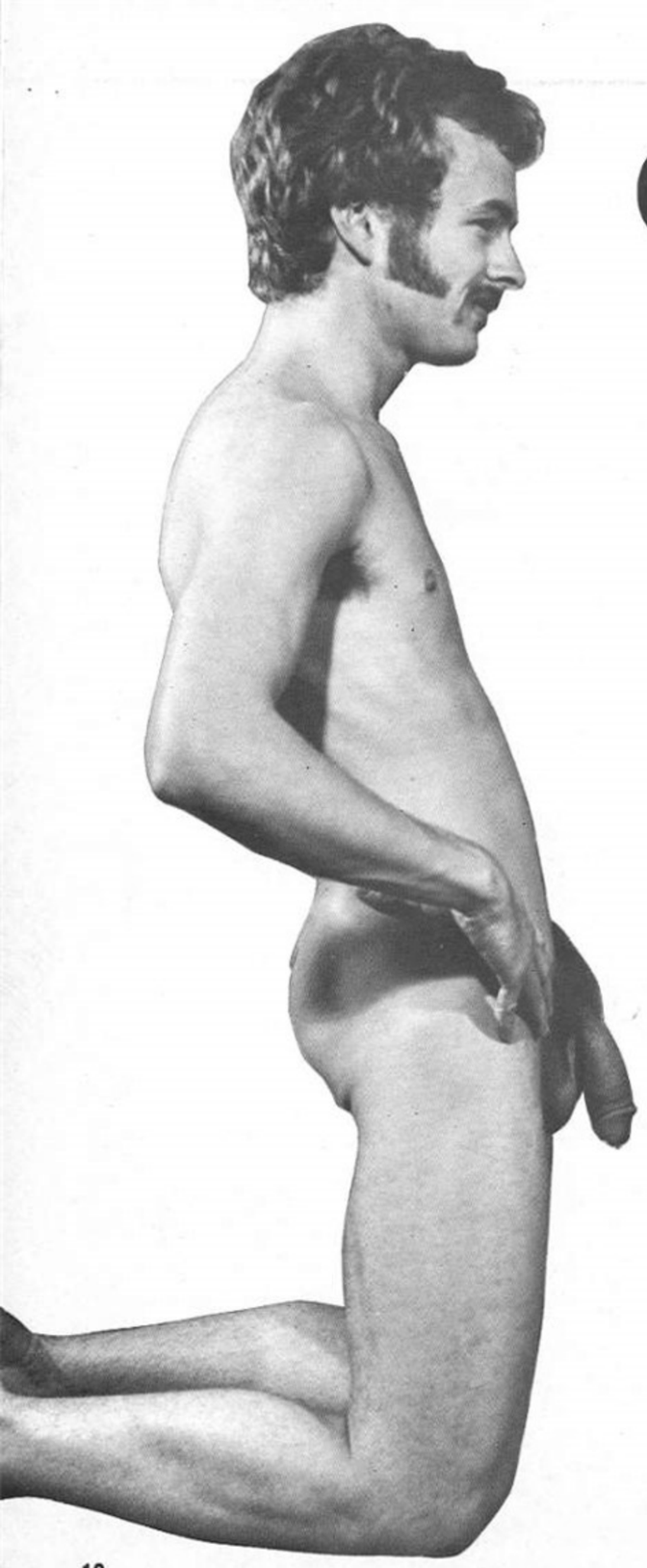








by Hart

CHANCE MEETING

"It was weird, really, the way we met," mused Ralph.

"Weird is a pretty good word for it, all right," answered Jim. "But it's a strange world."

"It was about a year ago. I'd been in the single male nudism movement for quite a while and I thought I'd met a lot of groovy guys," continued Ralph. "I was looking for a roommate, somebody sharp and cool but especially somebody who I could share my interests with."

"I was in about the same boat," said Jim . . . "It's a lot better to have a roommate to share a pad with because you can get a nicer pad for less money when 2 guys go together."

"I was in a gym, walking toward the shower when this little guy darn near knocked me down. I got mad because I got a bad reaction from his sideburns and that fuzz on his lip," said Jim, laughing.

"As for me, I figured the guy was just a big dumb ox," retorted Ralph. "But you know," said Jim, "we ran into each other again, only this time socially, not literally. It was at a Golden People Beach Party. This time when we saw each other we laughed. We had a couple of brews together and found out we really had a lot in common even if we looked and dressed (the very few times we have to dress) quite a bit differently."

When he must use the streets to get somewhere, Ralph explained, he always wore the latest in wild fashions to go with his facial ornaments. Jim was more of a plain dresser in sort of a modified lumberjack attire, giving a clue to his experience among the tall trees as a youth.

"Our differences are even noticeable when we're stripped for action" noted Jim. "Ralph goes in big for body creams, facial and body lotions and the like. I admit I used to think that sort of stuff was not cool and he's got me to come around to his way of thinking a bit."

"Jim had the he-man, animal-smell hangup alright. But he's cooling it now. I think he sees that a little scent of something won't make a guy be something else. A cool guy s a cool guy; if he wants to dump a little something on his body it doesn't change things," Ralph added.

After they got together the boys rented a seductive pad just a block from the beach and started balling it every night. They named the pad "Hard Times" for reasons they now cannot remember.

"It's cool here," says Ralph. "There are some very special bars nearby and we never get the heat because we're so close to the water."

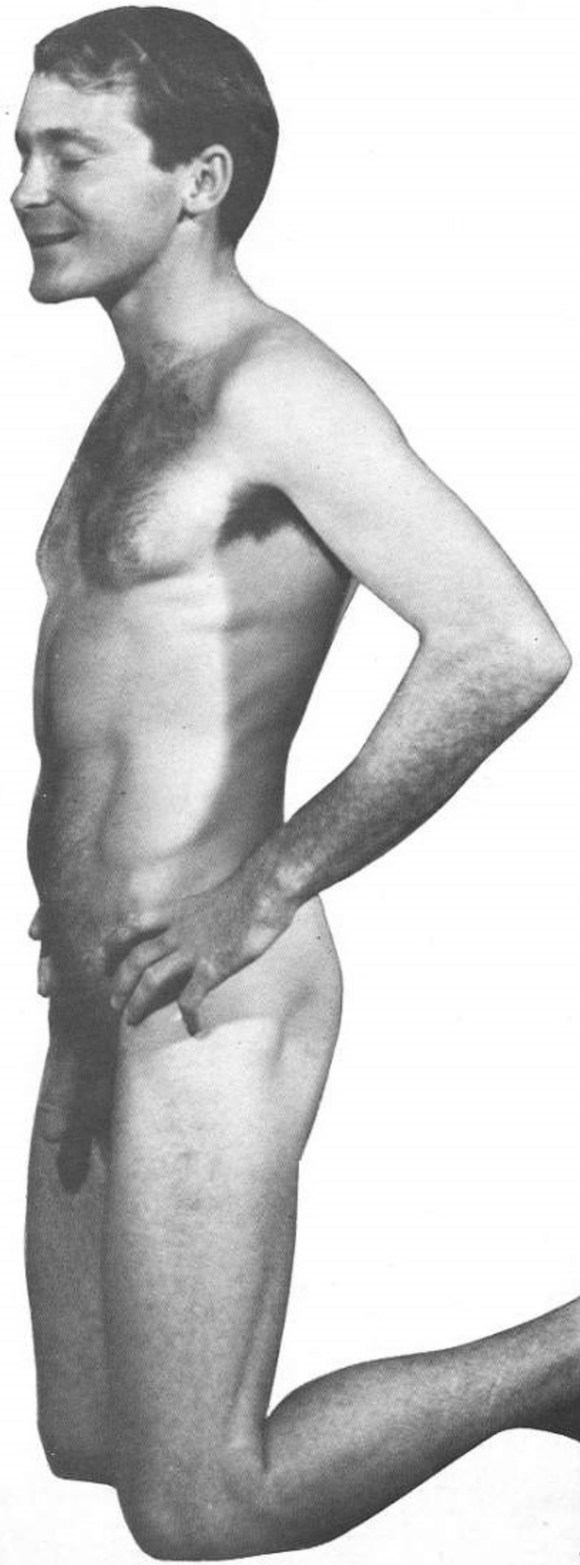
Mostly, except for Golden People parties, the studs stay home. It's their castle, they say and almost every night a knight will drop by to tilt his lance with the masters of the manor.

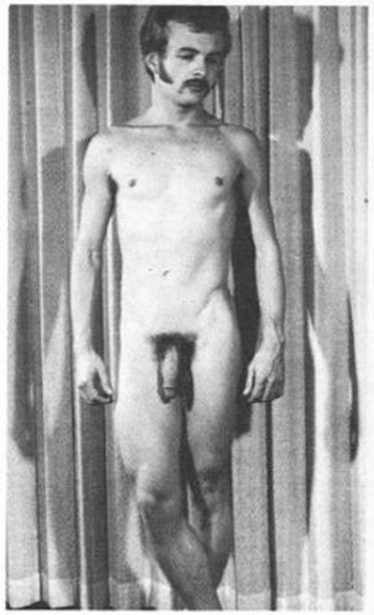
"We play all sorts of indoor games here—from chess to pillow fights to dress poker which is strip poker played sort of backwards," laughs Jim.

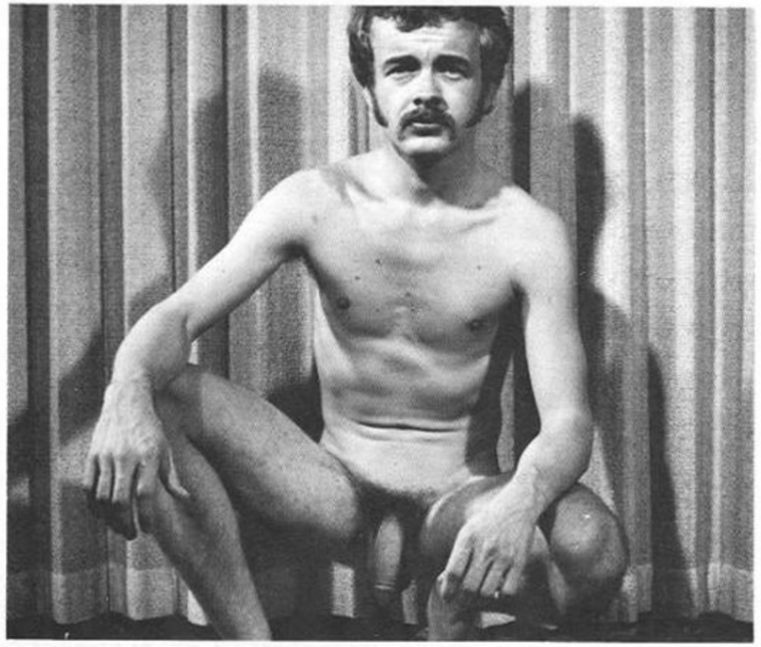
The studs feel they are extremely fortunate they literally ran into each other that fateful day.

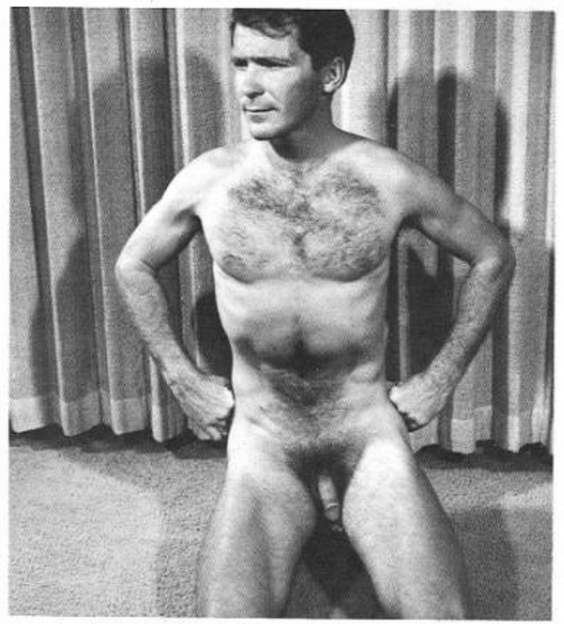
"When you share a pad with someone," explains Jim, "you get to know every intimate detail about him, and if you both aren't cool, it can be misery."

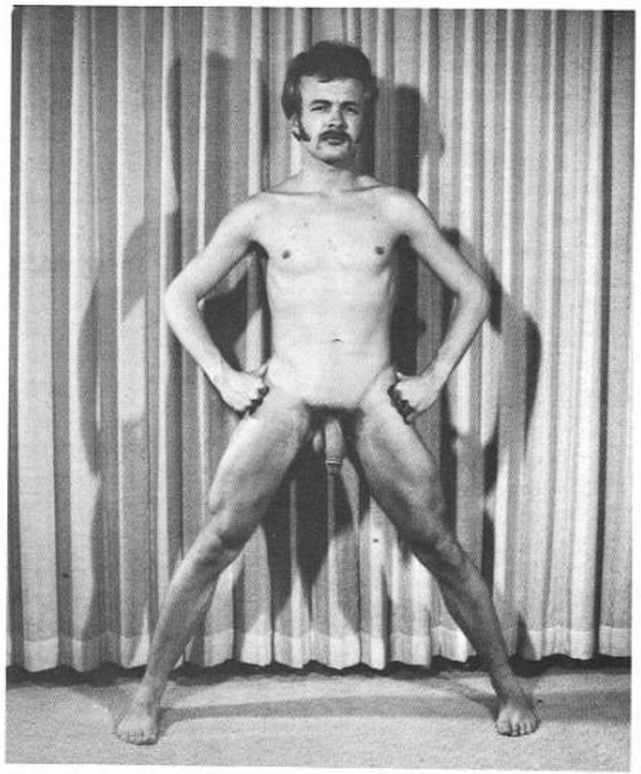
Ralph summed it up. "We learned from each other, we let the other guy do his thing and we've been having a ball."

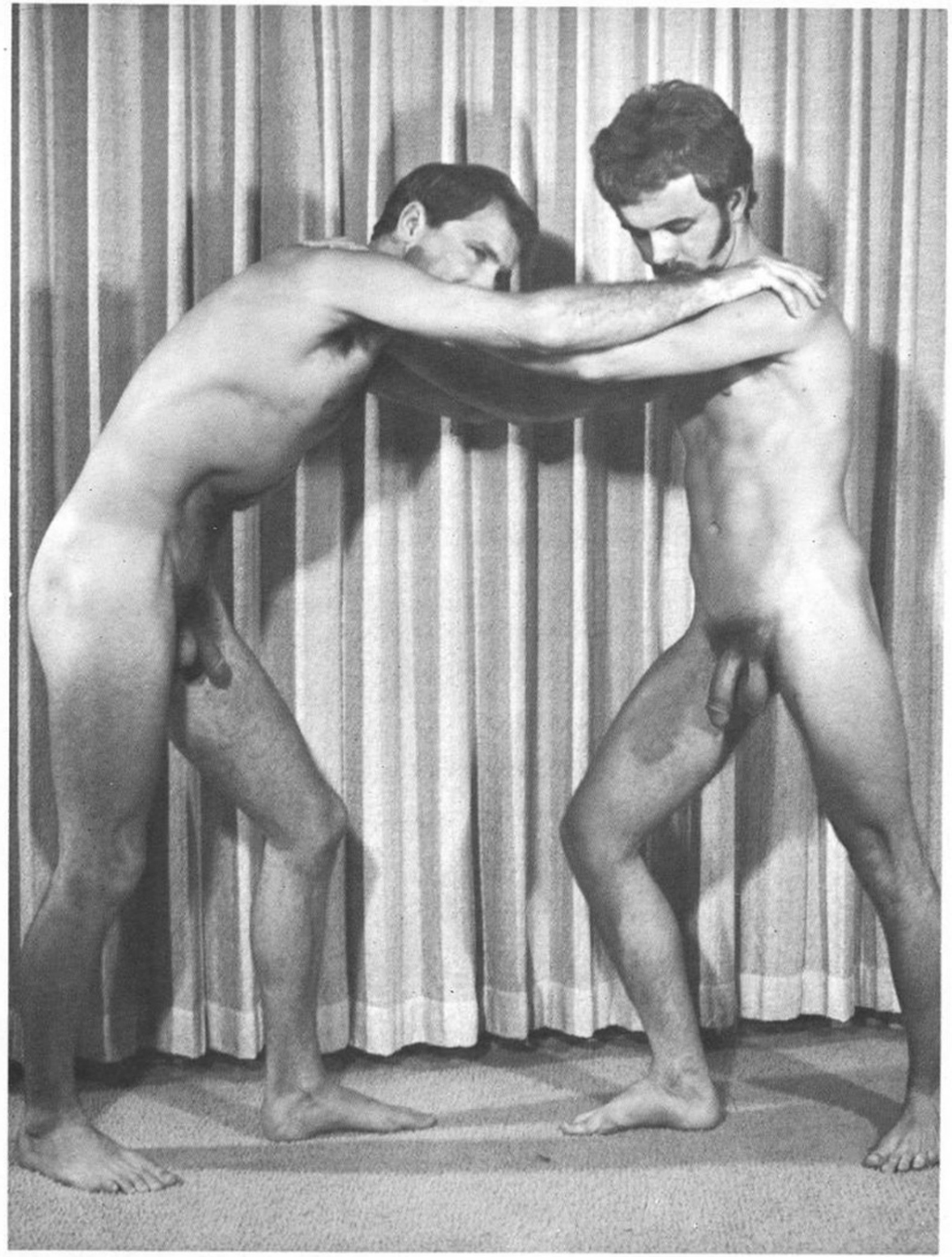


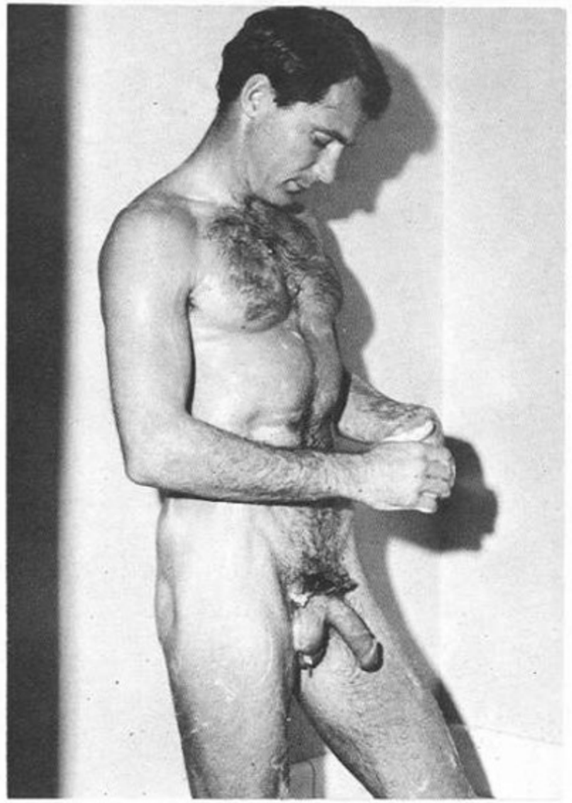


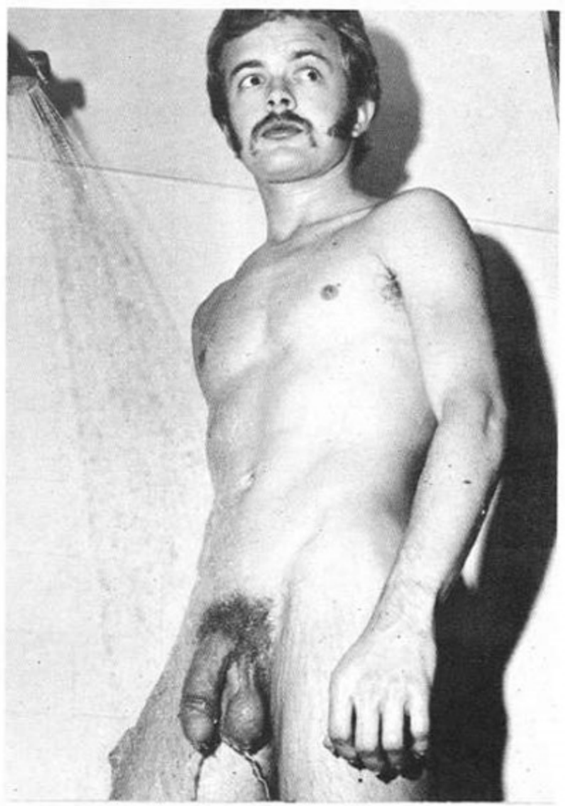


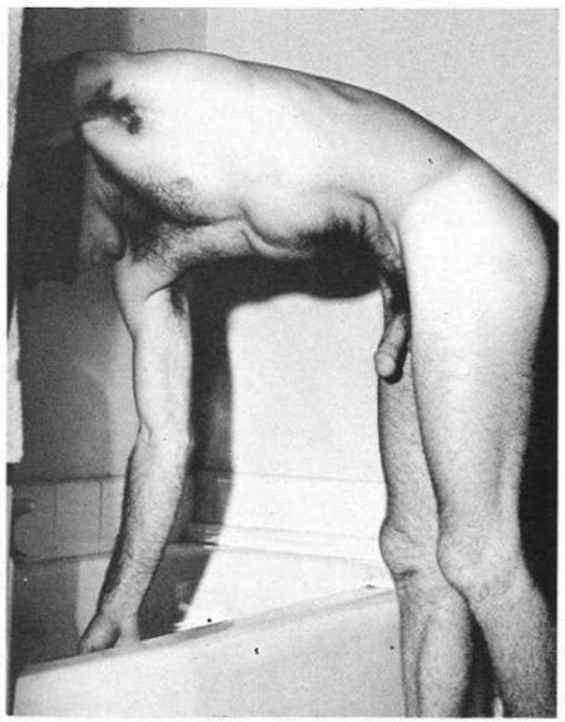












An explosive new film, Stud Buss, sets a new standard for erotic visual literature.

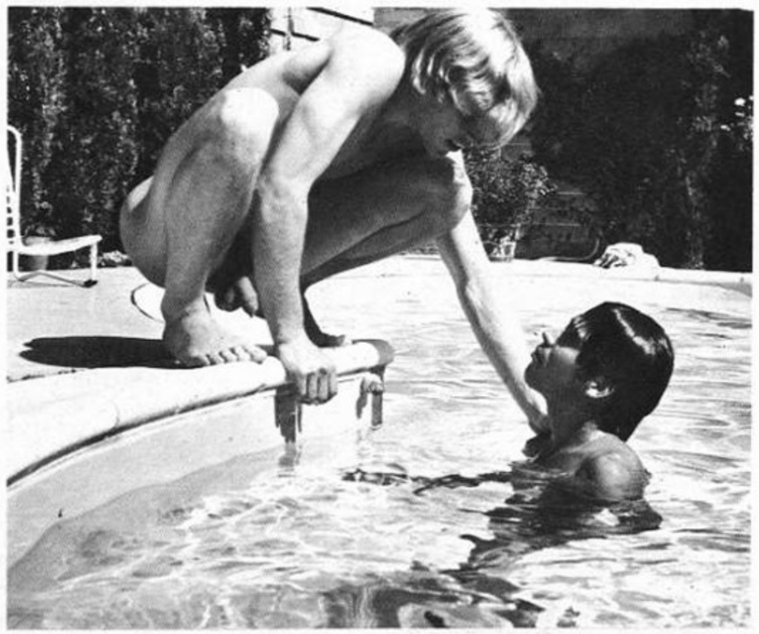
Stud Buss is the story of two aware young fellows who explore new paths into the vortex of awareness. Chris, the powerful blond and Pete, his strong, deeply tanned buddy shoot into stardom in this candid story that could only be told with the magic of the filmmakers art.

This frank and wholly revealing portrayal of close companionship possible only between true buddies could have not been made just a few short years ago.

The film starts slowly — hesitant and searching. Tension soon begins to mount as the pace quickens.

The film shows the agonizing birth of awareness of these two young men. It is a story tender and sad,

STUD BUSS



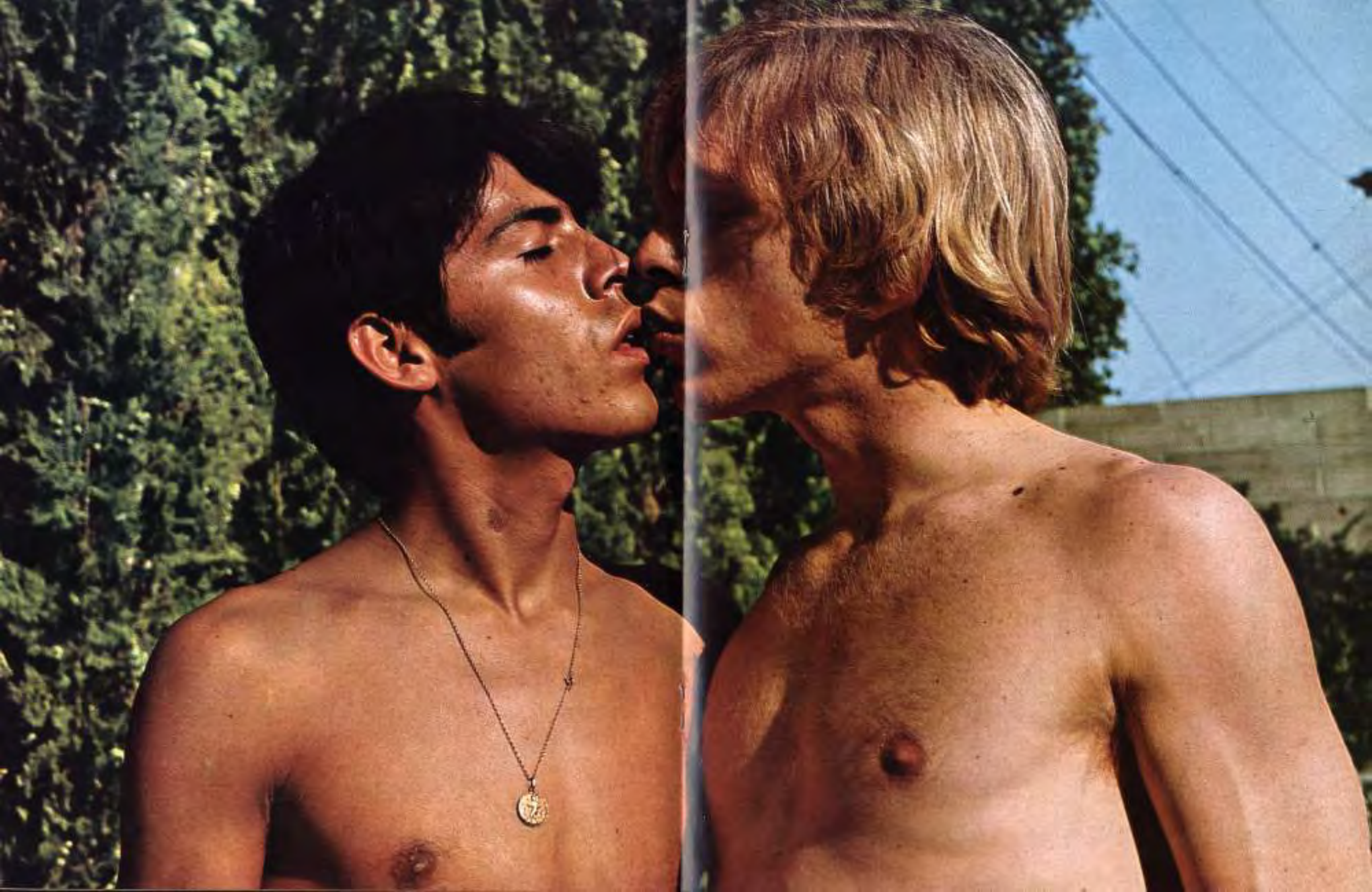
mirthful and thoughtful. The swimming pool scenes with the swirling waters tell us things that even the eye of the camera can barely perceive because of the intensity of the portrayals.

An immeasurable experience takes place before the viewer's eyes, a searching and a hoping, a wanting and a fulfillment.

This film is a monument to the beauty of the Golden People, to a way of life out of step with the common man.

Stud Buss tells us something about ourselves if we are aware enough to catch the truths that flash across the screen. It is much more than hot bodies standing together in the sun, more than naked bodies swirling in a cauldron of water.

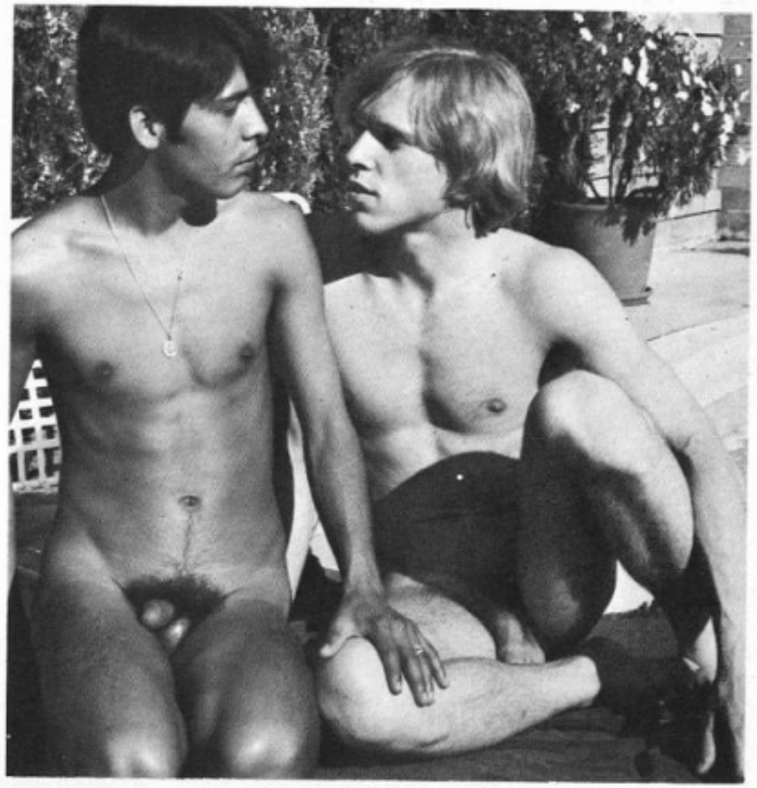
Stud Buss is about the universal truths, the uni- *Continued on Page 32*



Continued from Page 28 versal hopes, the unspoken thoughts and dreams of the Golden Man. It is youth in all its special maturity, of beauty born in an unexpected place and time, of soaring emotions.

This product of the new film-makers will lead the viewer down new paths, will give him new insights. It shows what heights are possible when true companionship is achieved.

The Golden People way of life is laid out with perfect clarity, showing its true worth as a life style for its adherents.



THE TRIP

BY E.S. CARGO

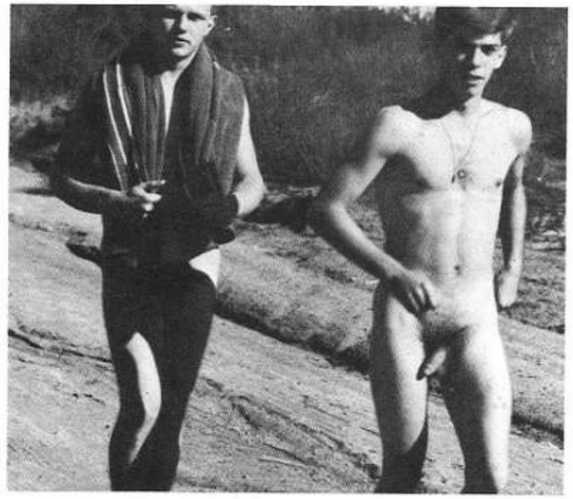
The sun was just breaking over the Santa Susana mountains when they started.

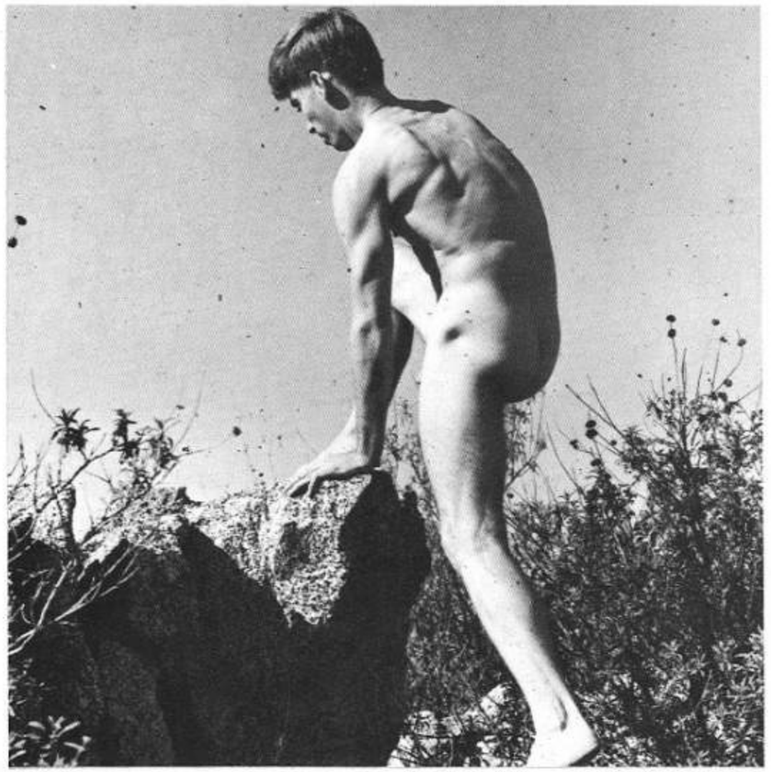
It was Rich that knew about the canyon. Owned by an absentee landowner, it was very narrow but miles long, a beautiful sun-washed private paradise. Here a man could walk, could run, could laugh and be free.

And so they started out, Rich the computer software executive and Dave, his young friend. They walked at first taking hesitant steps, awed by the great open space that was theirs alone. Slowly realization came. As strong feet pressed sharp stones without pain, as hard bodies scraped heavy brush unhurt, they came to know there was no danger, no great unknown harm awaiting them. This was a world for them alone, a world where they could rush boldly ahead. The prudery and hypocricy of the past could be left behind in the discarded pile of unwelcome clothing.

And so they ran and ran and ran. Sun and wind washed their naked, unashamed bodies. They jumped and laughed and climbed huge boulders with jagged edges that would do harm to men made of lesser stuff than they.

And they tried each other. In the manner of the ancient Greeks they wrestled, hard body against hard body testing the other's mettle, probing for a *Continued on Page 38*



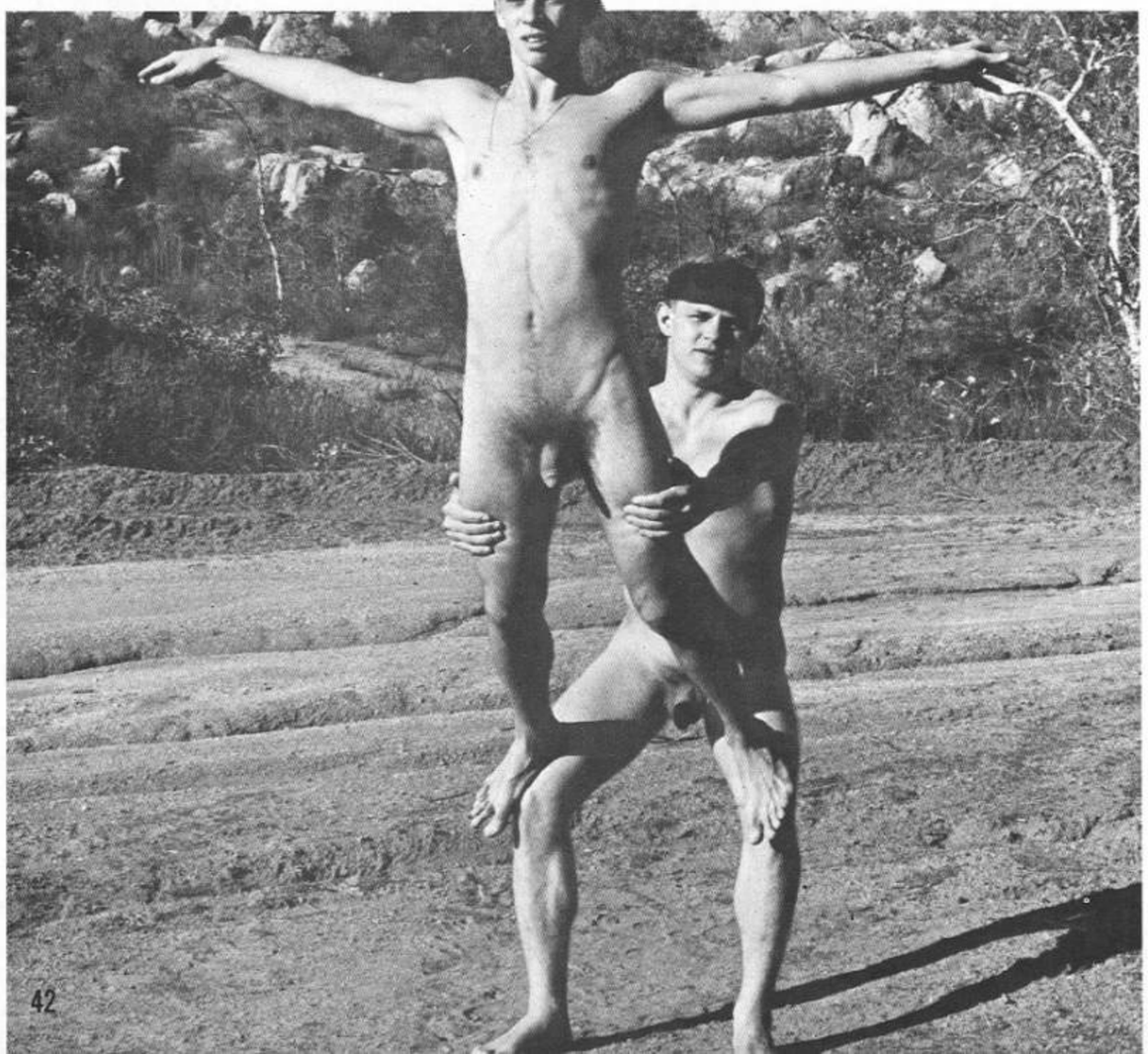


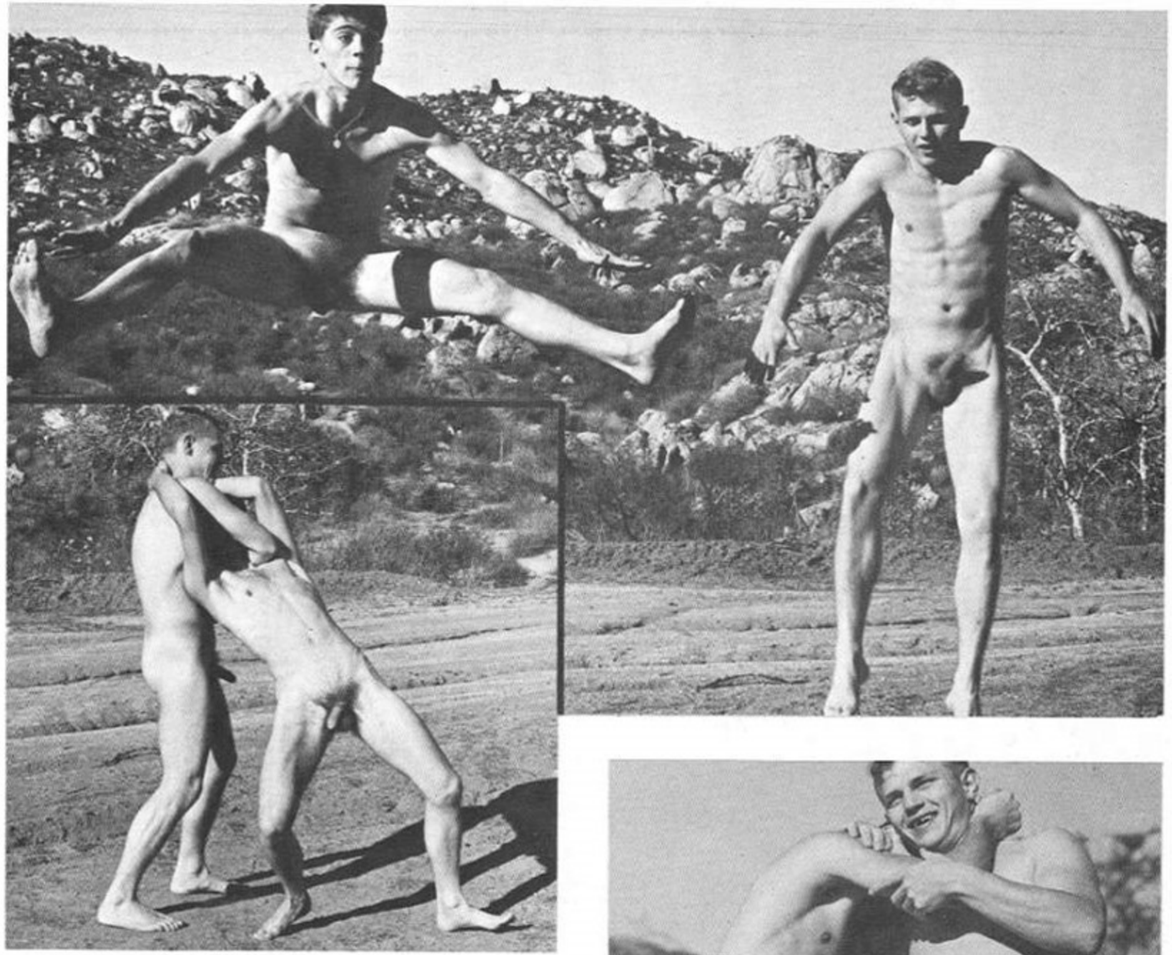
Continued from Page 36weakness, wary of the other's great strength.

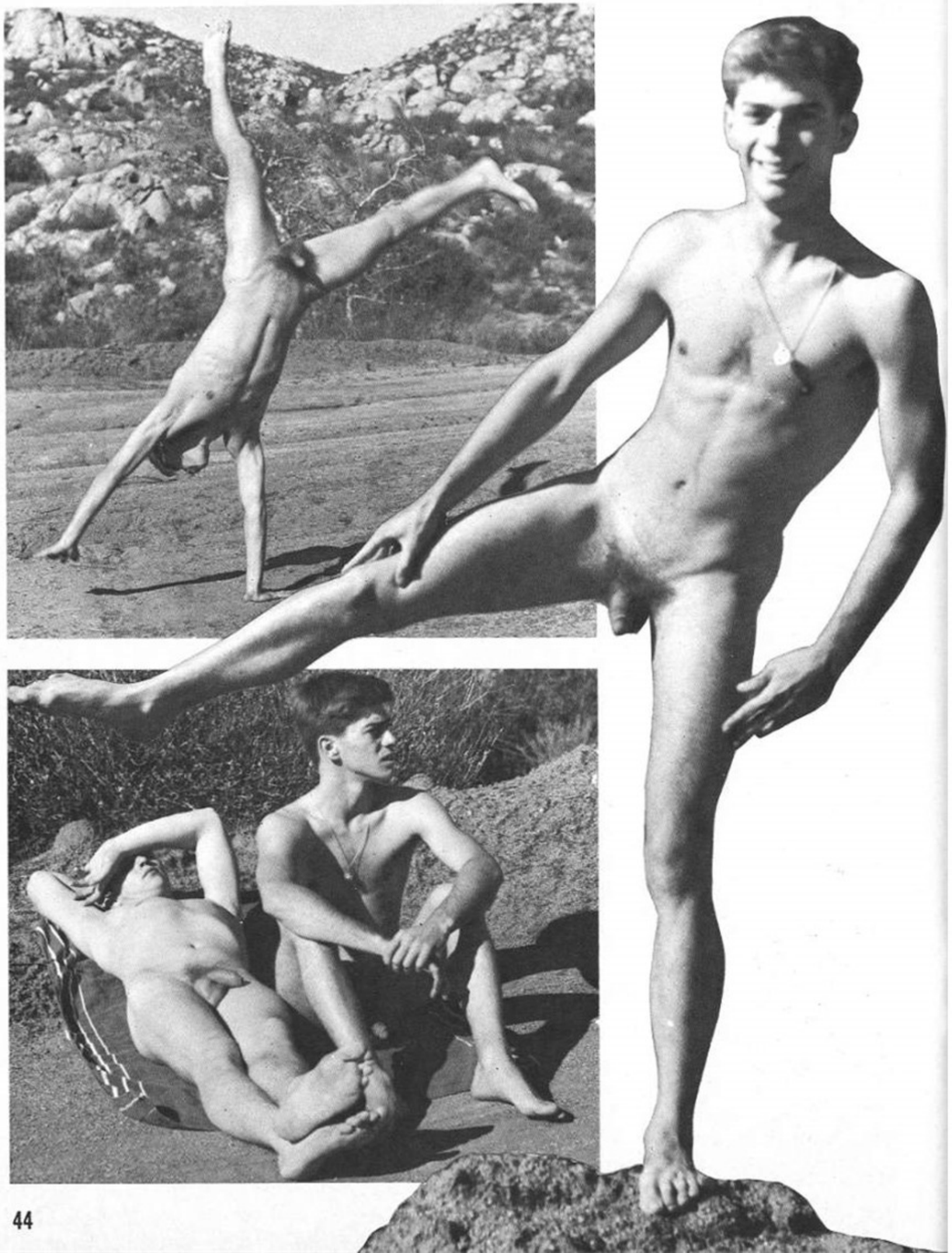
All thoughts from the repressive, conventional world were lost in the fury of fulfillness. Lunch time came and went, and so the outside world's almost obligatory cocktail hour. These men were intoxicated on a headier wine than they had ever known. They were filled with the bread of life itself.

They kept up a cruel pace, never slackening, never saying, "too far, too much." Farther and faster they pushed their hard bodies and finally when it was too much even for these young Greek gods they laid down in the cool shade.

And then, with darkness beginning they returned to the mouth of the canyon where they started. But sadness turned to joy when they remembered they could make The Trip again soon. They smiled and remembered the canyon would be there for many tomorrows and together they could come and stand together proud in the sun.







by Sam East, jr.

INDOOR NUDISM

"Indoor nudism" states Rob flatly, "is one of the most important aspects of our movement!"

"Exterior, or outdoor nudism certainly can be given credit for getting the movement its important start," he says, "but we have to educate people that nudism cannot be something you can turn on and off like a water faucet. It has to be a way of life!"

"We all know the weekend nudist, the hit-and-run guy who slides back into the hypocricy world when the weekend is over."

Rob, a soft-sell professional aerospace equipment salesman by day is an equally soft-sell but highly successful advocate by night of indoor nudism. Nudism, he believes, must be expanded from the weekend, outdoor, part-time image it has in some circles and be made a vital part of one's living style.

"You can't be a part-time Golden Person. You've got to be committed to our movement," Rob says.

To reach this goal, Rob has established his mod-style pad in West Los Angeles as a full-time nudist indoor retreat.

"My friends have been given the word. Nudism is the life style here. We eat, sleep and think it here. No part-timers are welcome."

And Rob's buddies agree. Rob's pad is one of the friendliest in town, always full of like-minded people, easy to get along with and eager to please.

"But don't get Rob wrong," says Davey, a close friend and neighbor, "we don't sit around expounding grave thoughts about the movement, this is an action pad!"

And action it is. *Continued on Page 49*

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WB2C

Continued from Page 45 The doorbell rings, in comes a special guy. First stop is the "shuck room" where clothing from the outside world is neatly but firmly placed in a pile along with everyone else's.

Then it's fun and games. There's always new friends to get to know, new talents to discover, new experiences to share.

Rob's a groovy guy, say his friends. He is number one in taste, his pad is always full of the latest grooviest things from pop art posters—you always know who's hot by looking at Rob's latest posters—to new gourmet dishes to wild new indoor sports to try out. And he never pushes anyone. He is so good at getting you around to his way of thinking, especially about the movement. You find you're placing yourself at his disposal without realizing you've changed your mind yet.

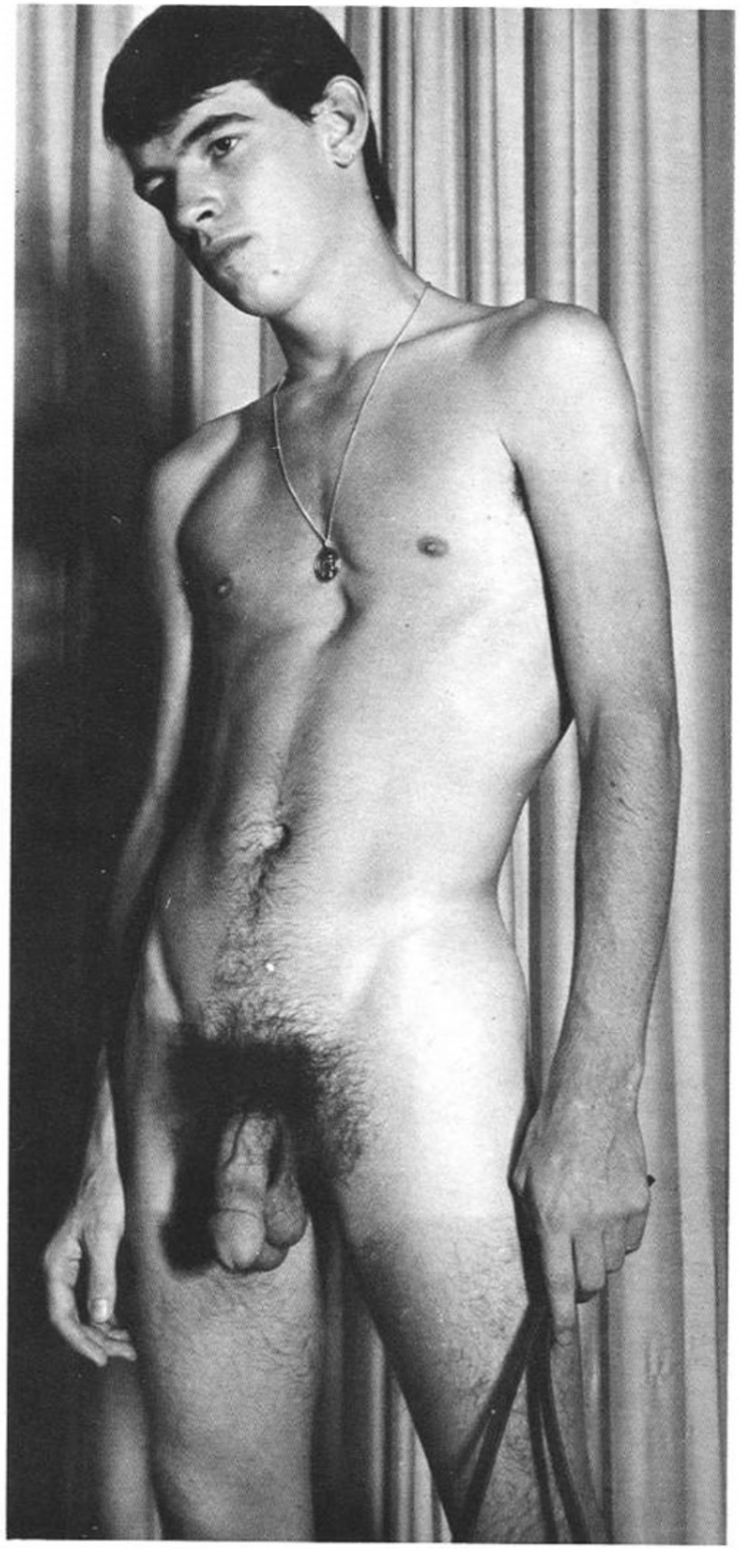
And Rob and his friends are bug on physical condition. Some guys think because we do our thing indoors it's ok to go soft. Rob gets down on a guy like that in a hurry!

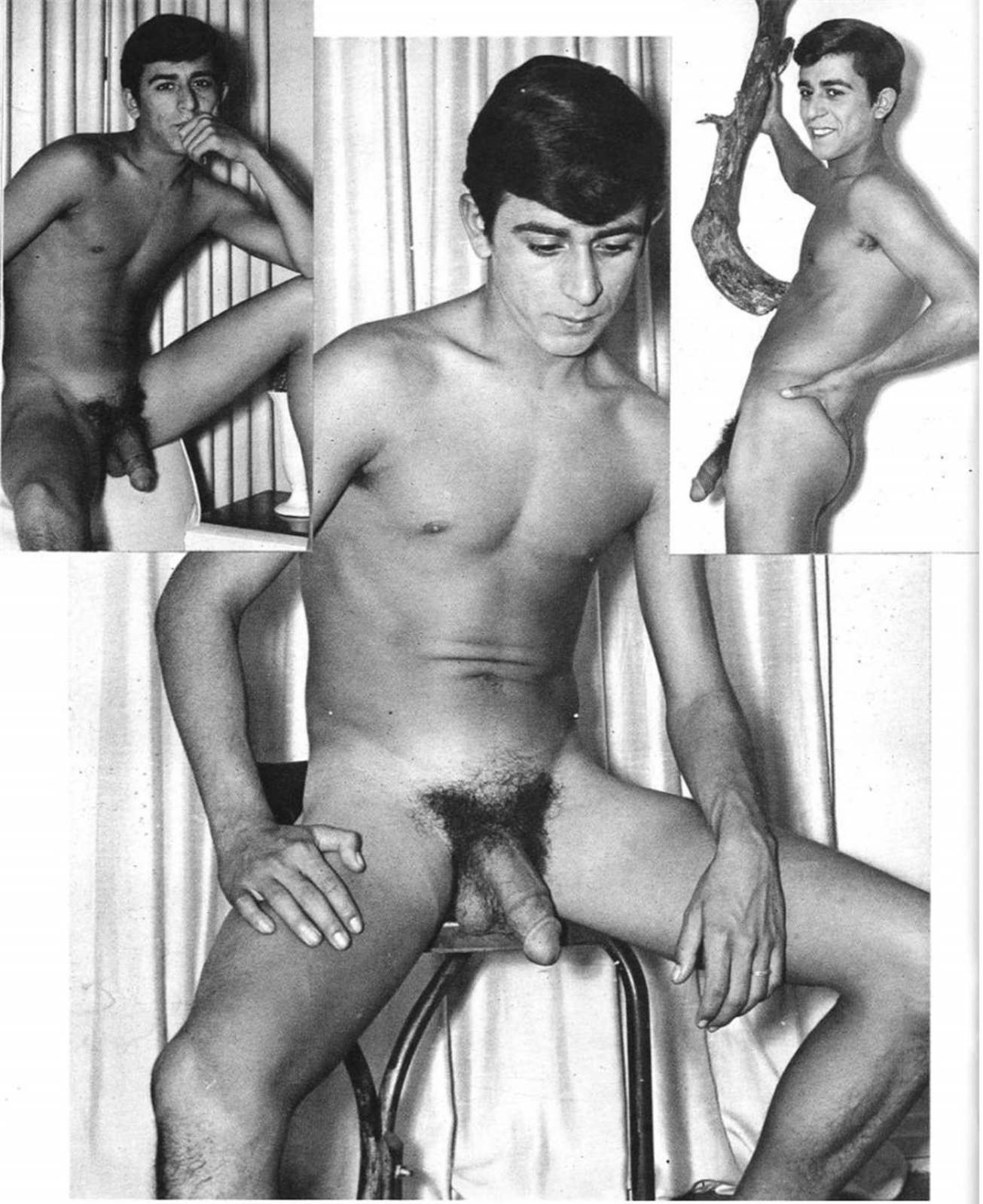
Rob's pad has given the whole movement a tremendous boost. The interior nudism pad has spread to all parts of the country.

"It's an escape from the tired 'conventional' morality that has repressed us for so long," says Eddie, who established his own pad in another part of town after seeing the success at Rob's place.

"It's funny," Eddie says, "you want to do something but you don't know what, then you walk into a place full of groovy guys and you realize that's exactly what you have been wanting to do!"

"In so many pads," says Eddie, "the guys are afraid to be themselves. They know everyone else is part of the movement and they may have tried any old thing outdoors but the old worn morality brings back the old hangups when they are between walls. But with the indoors nudism pad, the whole atmosphere is clear, all the old taboos are thrown in the trash heap. Enjoy, Enjoy!, that's the motto."





LETTERS

Gentlemen:

Thank you ever so much for sending a copy of MR. SUN. We have never seen such a groovy book. We find MR. SUN really tops. May I say my wife really got a thrill out of seeing these men in the nude. We both thank you.

Mr. & Mrs. S. D.
Garrett, Ind.

Mr. & Mrs. S. D.: Thank you. We try to please. —Editor

Gentlemen:

Please excuse enclosing International Reply coupons but it's the only way I can get dollars to you. I run a club here in New Zealand for boys and we really enjoy your publication.

S. L.
New Zealand

S.L.: Glad you like our efforts. Good to hear we have Golden People over in your part of the world too. —Editor

Gentlemen:

MR. SUN is groovy, groovy. I want to come to California and meet some Golden People. How do I go about it?

J. L.
Kansas City, Mo.

J.L.: The movement is getting so big you can hardly help it. —Editor

Gentlemen:

"Stud Seminar" in MR. SUN #11 was merely great. The Cruise-In is my kind of bar.

L.T.R.
Santa Maria, Cal.

L.T.R.: Wadda ya mean MERELY great? —Merely Editor

Gentlemen:

Only a stud from a small town can know how the Dark Ages Morality can weigh heavy on groovy guys. Golden People are looked upon here as nuts. The ignorance and superstition you find in a place like this would frighten you. Keep fighting for truth and freedom. And please, don't even use the name of my town, it's that bad.

Anon.
Kansas

Anon: We know, man, we know. —Editor

Gentlemen:

I sat down to write you a hate note but after examining your magazine, I changed my mind. I, like so many, was taught the human body was dirty. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

A.A.L.
Seattle, Wash.

A.A.L.: You didn't know it but when you sat down to read MR. SUN, you were a typical reader — you possessed an open mind. Congratulations. —Editor

Gentlemen:

Your latest MR. SUN is surely unexcelled in realistically portraying the 'golden people.' I think MR. SUN is doing important work helping to educate and free society from unreasoning prejudice.

H. B.
Dallas, Texas

H.B.: Thanks. I couldn't have said it better myself. —Editor

Gentlemen:

How can I get into MR. SUN magazine?

B.W.
Glendora, Cal.

B.W.: That's like the guy who asked me if I'd join him in a cup of coffee. I said sure if you get in first. —Editor

Gentlemen:

Your photographs, especially the color ones are really great. What kind of camera do you use?

J. J.
Inglewood, Cal.

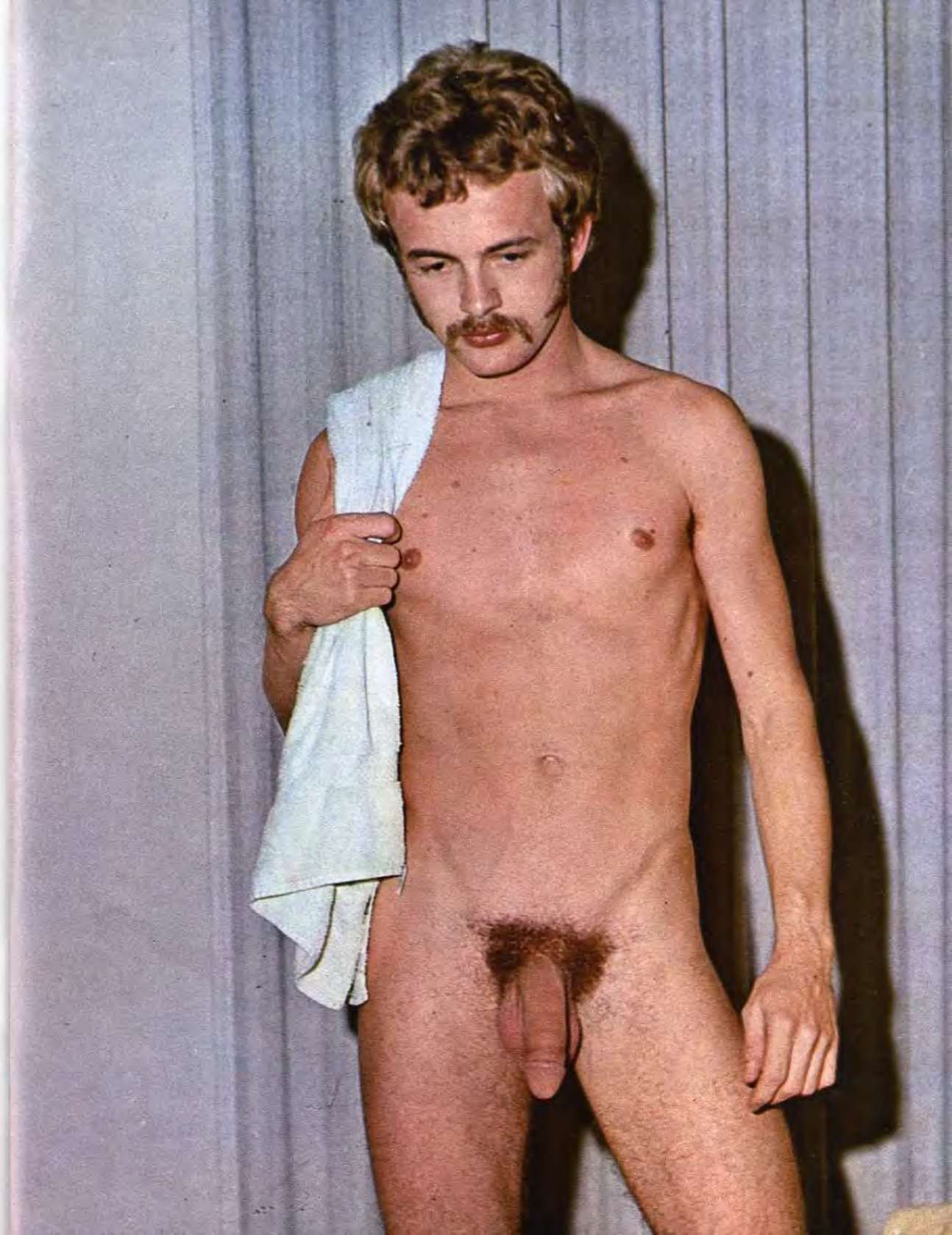
J.J.: There is no way I'm going to answer that one. —Editor

Gentlemen:

I like each issue of MR. SUN better than the last. The only way you could improve it would be to publish my letter.

F. N.
Phoenix, Arizona

F.N.: As I said before, we aim to please. —Editor



The pool water nearly boils at the uninhibited capering of Chris and Pete. Finally, they surrender to the heat and adjourn to poolside, where the action REALLY starts!

STUD BUSS!

Chris and Pete are a couple of the grooviest young guys to steam up our film in quite a while. Close buddies in real life, they know where it's at and act accordingly! There is no pretense in their performance—only an honest, frank and wholly revealing portrayal of the kind of lively, active and sincere companionship that can only exist between two aware young studs!

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While they last: these two big male nudist books have become true classics! With your order of $25.00 or more, select your choice below.

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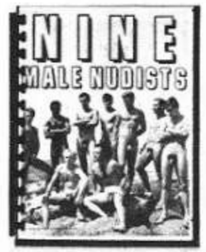


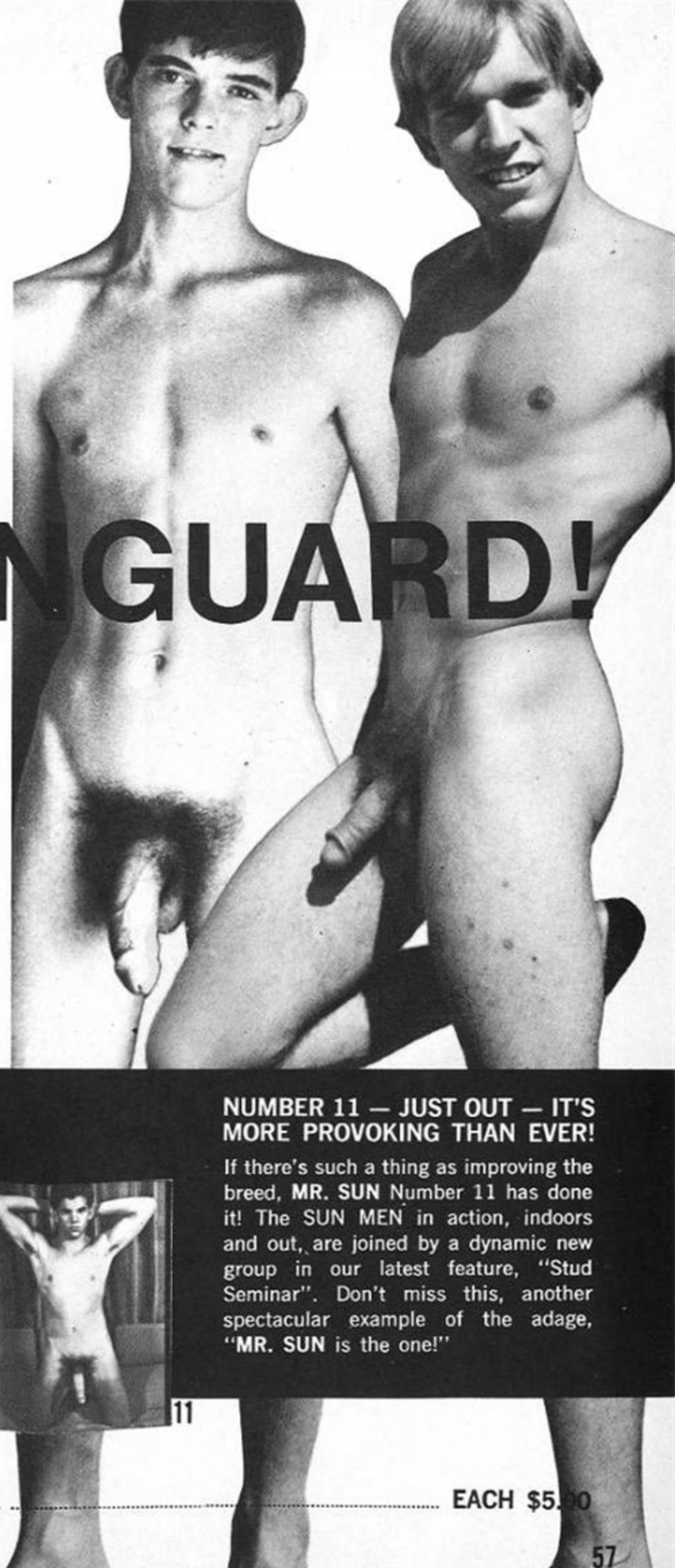
☐ FREE SEND MY GIFT BOOK CHECKED

One glance through the revealing pages of **MR. SUN** will show you why it has always been the leader, the most imitated of male nudist magazines. We're proud to be copied again and again as each magnificent issue is released. **MR. SUN** is the one!

The splendor of the naked male body has never before been so fully displayed, so graphically delineated. Whether basking in the sun or just relaxing around their pads, the young men displayed in our pages of sparkling black and white and blazing full color are the superb specimens of manhood you're looking for; they're the cream of today's generation. They're the SUN BREED!

If you're an admirer of masculine physical perfection, **MR. SUN** is your choice.

THE VANGUARD!



NUMBER 11 — JUST OUT — IT'S MORE PROVOKING THAN EVER!

If there's such a thing as improving the breed, **MR. SUN** Number 11 has done it! The SUN MEN in action, indoors and out, are joined by a dynamic new group in our latest feature, "Stud Seminar". Don't miss this, another spectacular example of the adage, "**MR. SUN** is the one!"

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